ALAN MARTIN RUFUS DAYGLO

TANK GIRL

BAD WIND RISING

TITAN

02 | $3.99 MAR '11

SUGGESTED FOR MATURE READERS

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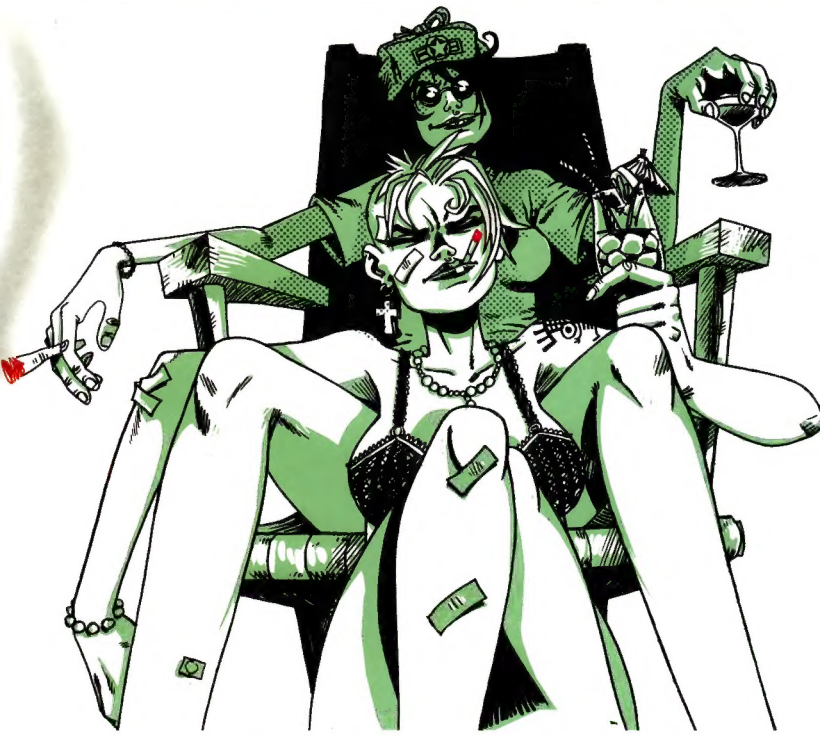
TANK GIRL BAD WIND RISING



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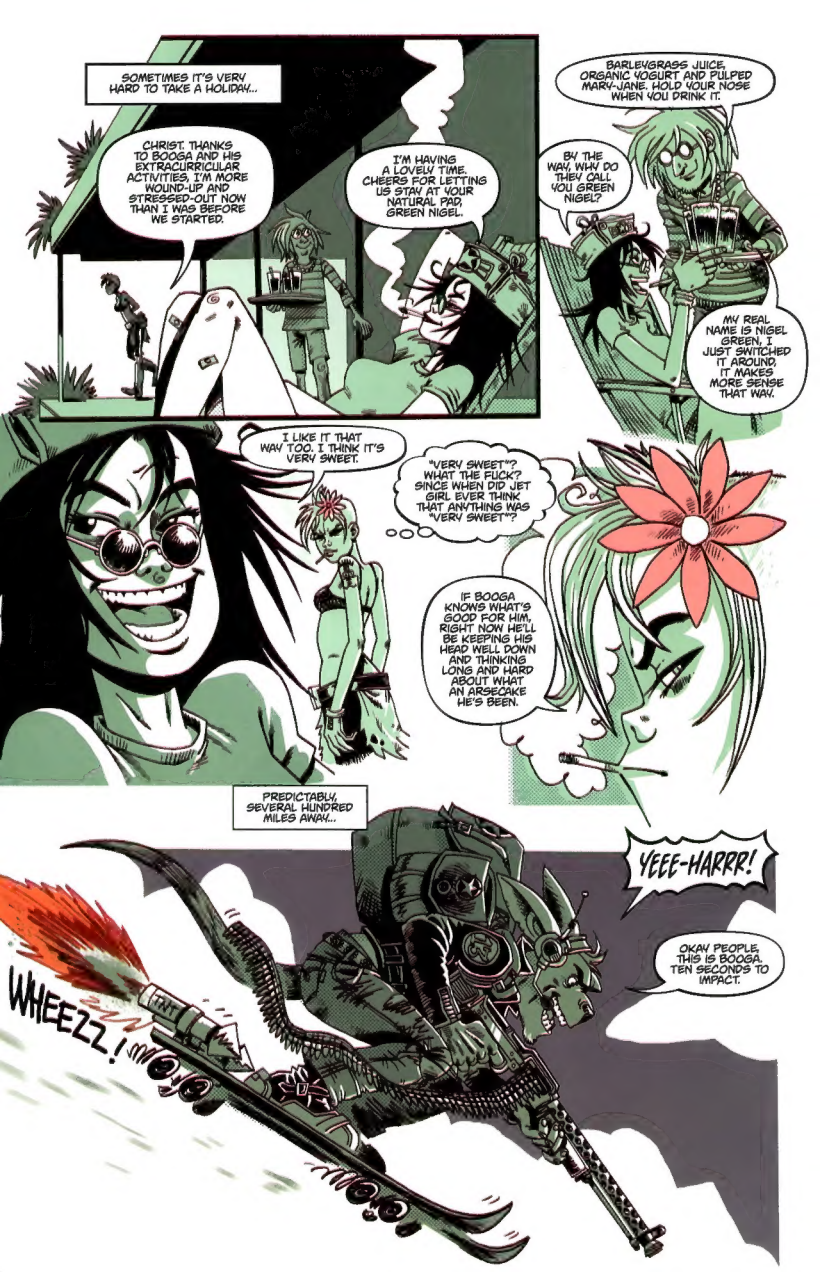
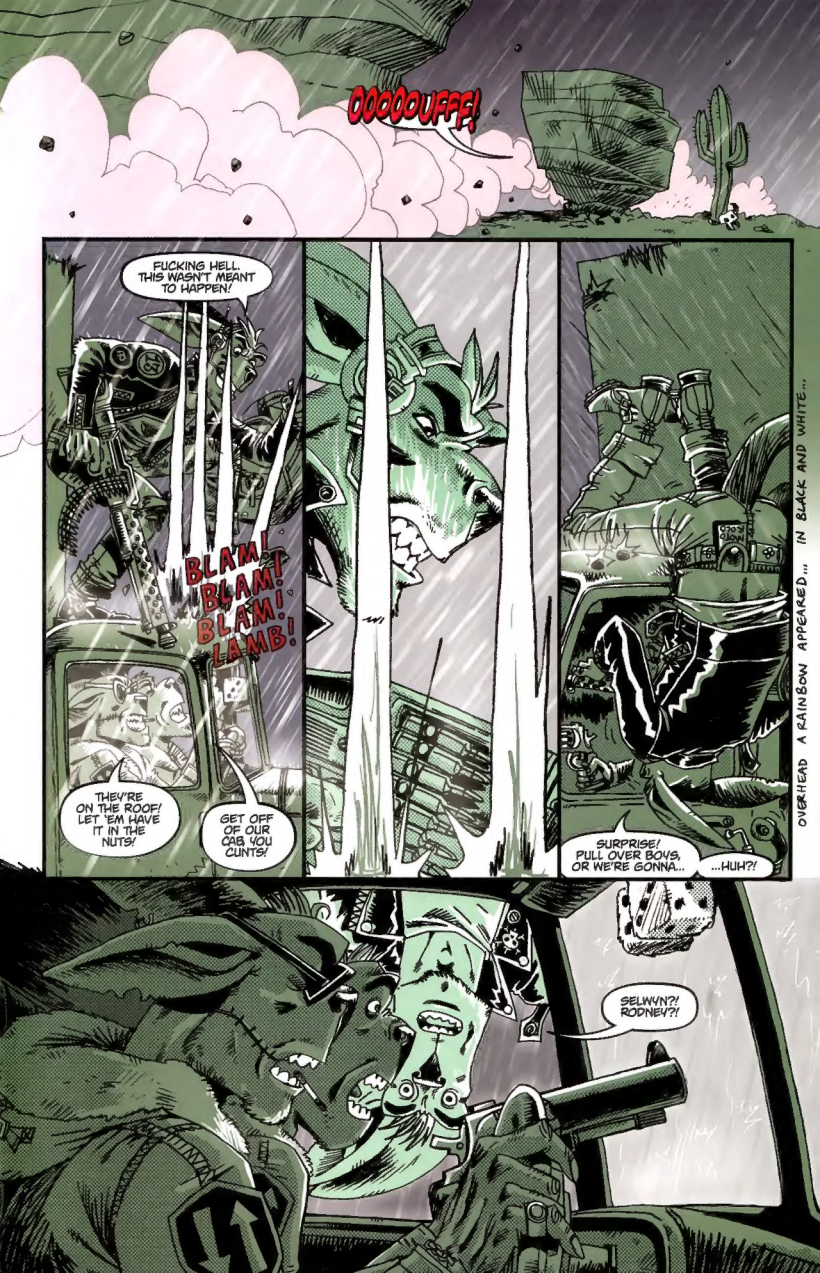
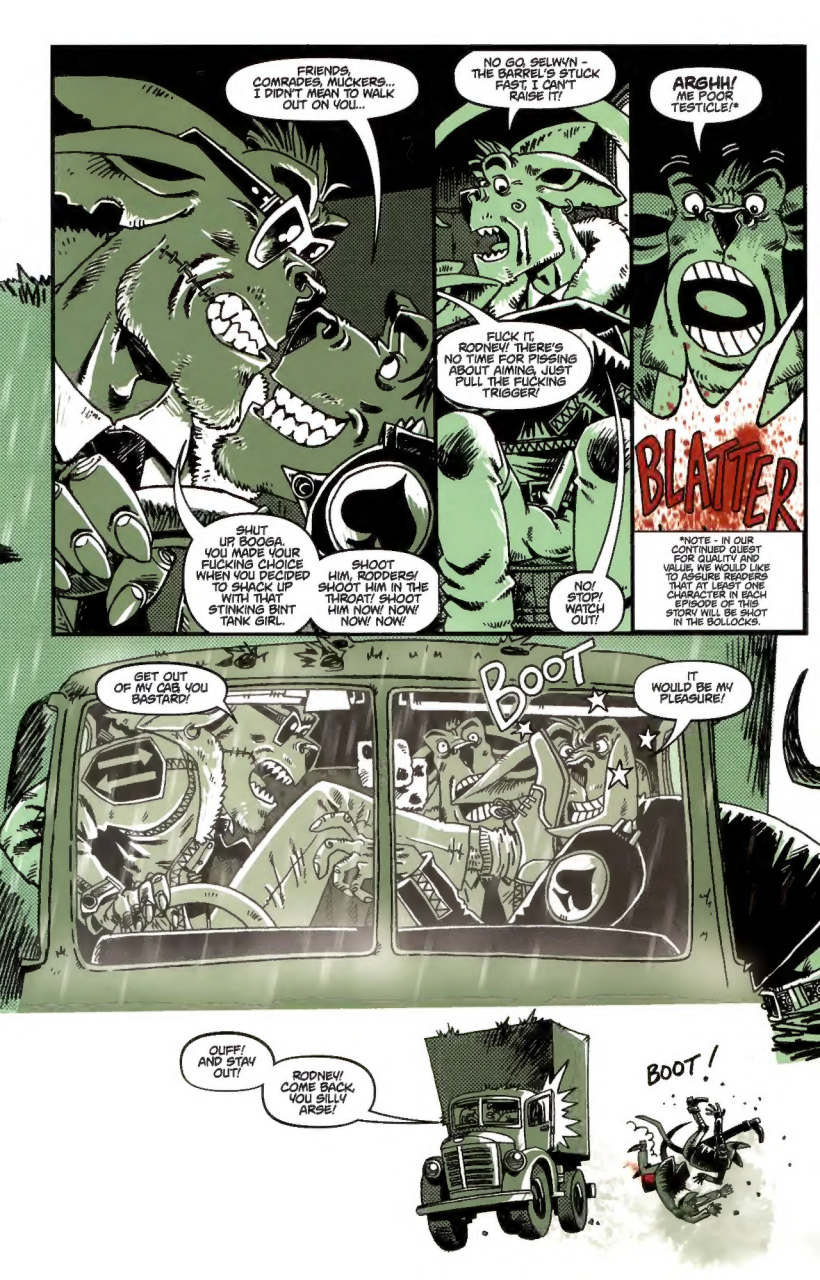

SOMETIMES IT'S VERY HARD TO TAKE A HOLIDAY...
CHRIST. THANKS TO BOOGA AND HIS EXTRACURRICULAR ACTIVITIES, I'M MORE WOUND-UP AND STRESSED-OUT NOW THAN I WAS BEFORE WE STARTED.
I'M HAVING A LOVELY TIME. CHEERS FOR LETTING US STAY AT YOUR NATURAL PAD, GREEN NIGEL.
BY THE WAY, WHY DO THEY CALL YOU GREEN NIGEL?
BARLEYGRASS JUICE, ORGANIC YOGURT AND PULPED MARY-JANE. HOLD YOUR NOSE WHEN YOU DRINK IT.
MY REAL NAME IS NIGEL GREEN, I JUST SWITCHED IT AROUND. IT MAKES MORE SENSE THAT WAY.
I LIKE IT THAT WAY TOO. I THINK IT'S VERY SWEET.
"VERY SWEET"? WHAT THE FUCK? SINCE WHEN DID JET GIRL EVER THINK THAT ANYTHING WAS "VERY SWEET"?
IF BOOGA KNOWS WHAT'S GOOD FOR HIM, RIGHT NOW HE'LL BE KEEPING HIS HEAD WELL DOWN AND THINKING LONG AND HARD ABOUT WHAT AN ARSECAKE HE'S BEEN.
PREDICTABLY, SEVERAL HUNDRED MILES AWAY...
YEEE-HARRR!
OKAY PEOPLE, THIS IS BOOGA. TEN SECONDS TO IMPACT.
WHEEZZ!

TANK GIRL
CUNTY BOLLOCKS
BAD WIND RISING
PART TWO
TANK GIRL
BAD WIND RISING PT. TWO: COUNTRY BOLLOCKS
IAN "THE EAGLE" EDWARDS!
OKAY, BOYS, GET READY TO FEAST YOUR EYES ON A LOVELY, DELICIOUS BARNEY SURPRISE.
SHIT!
PULL THEIR PANTS DOWN AND SMACK THEIR MISCHIEVOUS BOTTOM CHEEKS!
KILL 'EM! KILL 'EM ALL AND TAKE THE LOOT!
♥ RUF!
VESPA
I DON'T GET PAID ENOUGH TO DO THIS KIND OF SHIT. I MUST GET MY AGENT TO CHECK THE SMALL PRINT ON MY CONTRACT.
Script - Alan "A Dry Ryvita And Two Paracetamol" Martin.
Art - Rufus Horatio Archibald Wendy Daygio.
Colours - Sofie "Saving Our Sorry Arses" Dodgson. Soundtrack - Dansette Dansette By Tender Trap.
Stunt Co-ordinator - Ian "I've Just Come Back From Australia And I Had A Really Shit Time" Edwards.
This One For The Late, Brilliant Terence Mckenna And Every Word He Ever Uttered. Ever

WOMPA!
PERFECT. TEN OUT OF TEN FOR STYLE AND ACCURACY
NOW, ON WITH OUR BRILLIANT PLAN.
PEMPHIGUS CORPORATION HAULAGE DIVISION.
TEA AND BISCUITS
TAH-DAH!!
HERE THEY ARE, BOYS -
-- YOU CAN GET TOTALLY DISTRACTED AND LOSE CONTROL AND CRASH NOW!
WIGGLE WIGGLE!
HEY, RODNEY, DID YOU HEAR SOMETHING? I THINK THERE'S SOMEONE ON THE ROOF!
HELLO? BOYS?
I'LL BREAK OUT THE SIDEARMS.
BAD DAY.... BLEH.
COR BLIMEY! GET A LOAD OF THAT!
WHA... OH NO!
666
LOONY TOONS
SHIIIIIIIIIIIIT!

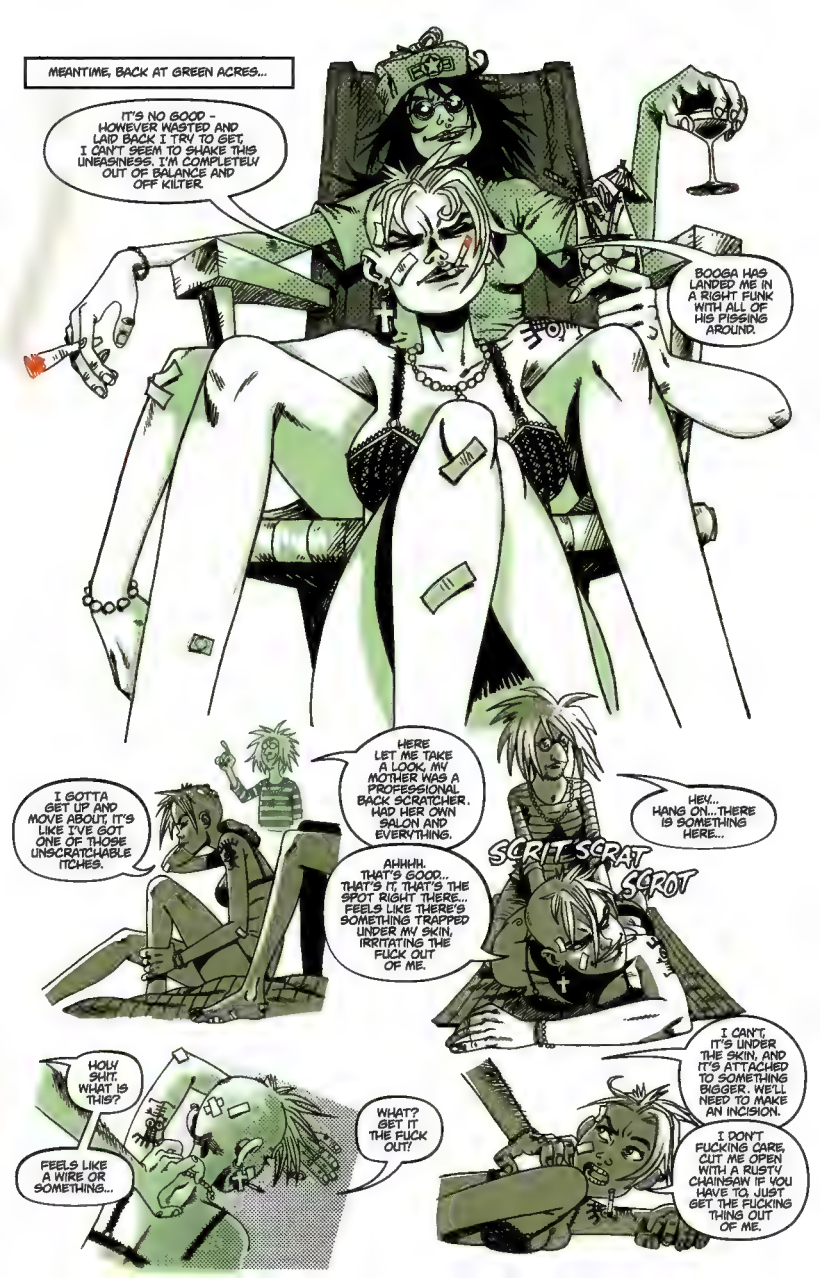

OOOOOUFF!
FUCKING HELL THIS WASN'T MEANT TO HAPPEN!
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! LAMB!
THEY'RE ON THE ROOF! LET 'EM HAVE IT IN THE NUTS!
GET OFF OF OUR CAB, YOU CUNTS!
OVERHEAD A RAINBOW APPEARED... IN BLACK AND WHITE...
SURPRISE! PULL OVER BOYS, OR WE'RE GONNA...
...HUH?!
SELWYN?! RODNEY?!

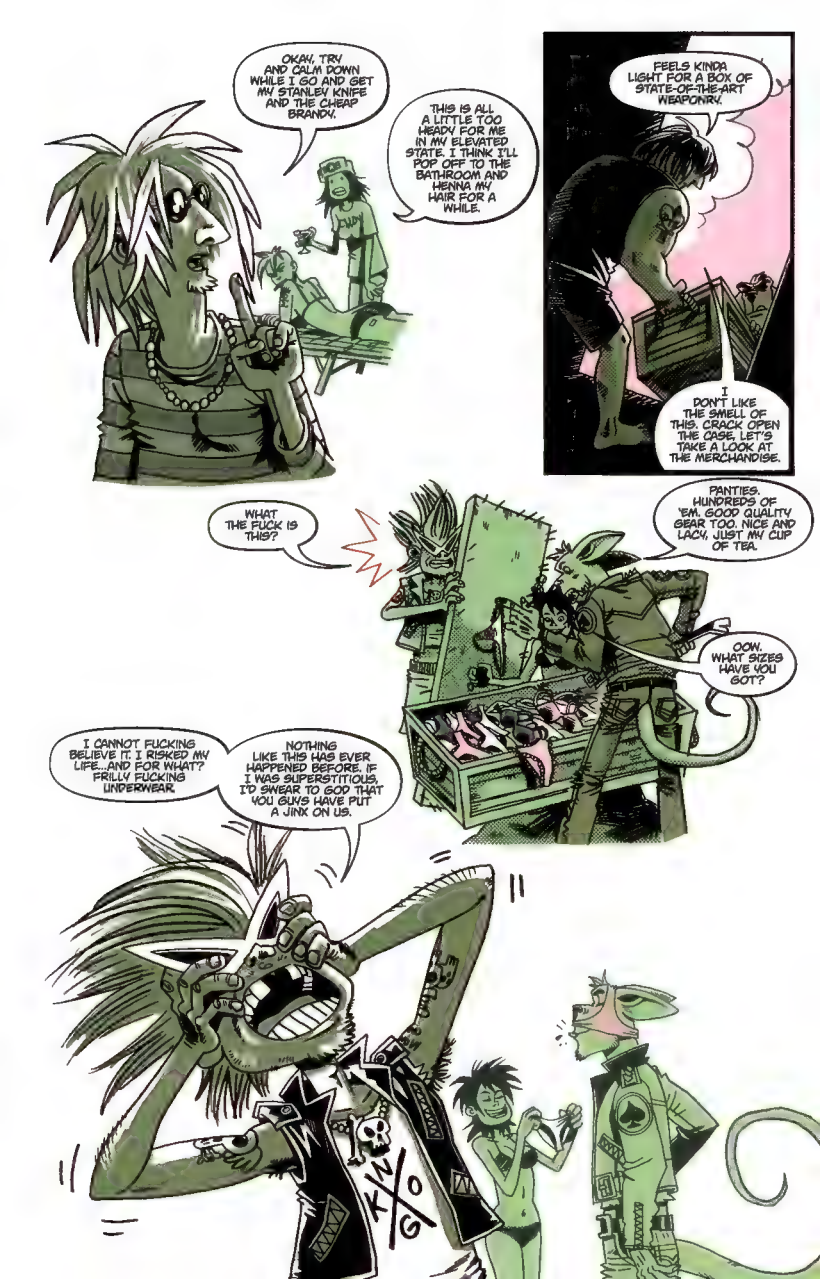
BOOGA?!
WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING ON OUR ROOF, YOU ENORMOUS GREAT COCK?!
RODNEY! SHOOT THAT TREACHEROUS FUCKFACE IN THE NECK!
PLEASE... OLD MATES... LET ME COME IN AND EXPLAIN MYSELF!
UH... I CAN'T MOVE MY GUN!
SHIT! HEY EVERYBODY, COME BACK!
COME AND TAKE A LOOK AT MY STUNNING NORKS!
RUNNY RUN RUN!
JEEZ! WHAT A TOTAL CLUSTERFUCK!
LOOKS LIKE I'M GONNA HAVE TO SORT THIS MESS OUT BY MYSELF!
BATTER-TAT-TAT!!
BLARRGH!
CREAM CRACKERED...


FRIENDS, COMRADES, MUCKERS... I DIDN'T MEAN TO WALK OUT ON YOU...
SHUT UP, BOOGA. YOU MADE YOUR FUCKING CHOICE WHEN YOU DECIDED TO SHACK UP WITH THAT STINKING BINT TANK GIRL.
SHOOT HIM, RODDERS! SHOOT HIM IN THE THROAT! SHOOT HIM NOW! NOW! NOW! NOW!
NO GO, SELWYN - THE BARREL'S STUCK FAST, I CAN'T RAISE IT!
FUCK IT, RODNEY! THERE'S NO TIME FOR PISSING ABOUT AIMING, JUST PULL THE FUCKING TRIGGER!
NO! STOP! WATCH OUT!
ARGHH! ME POOR TESTICLE!*
BLATTER
*NOTE - IN OUR CONTINUED QUEST FOR QUALITY AND VALUE, WE WOULD LIKE TO ASSURE READERS THAT AT LEAST ONE CHARACTER IN EACH EPISODE OF THIS STORY WILL BE SHOT IN THE BOLLOCKS.
GET OUT OF MY CAB, YOU BASTARD!
BOOT
IT WOULD BE MY PLEASURE!
OUFF! AND STAY OUT!
RODNEY! COME BACK, YOU SILLY ARSE!
BOOT!

SMASHAH DOOFF!
OH BUTTOCKS!
SKIDDY GRINDY HALT!
FUCK ME SIDEWAYS, WE ONLY MADE THAT ONE BY THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH. I'M NOT SO SURE THAT THE ADDITION OF YOU GUYS TO OUR TEAM DID ANYTHING BUT HINDER THE WHOLE OPERATION.
I SINCERELY HOPE THAT YOU'RE NOT TRYING TO TELL US THAT WE DON'T GET A FAIR CUT OF THE BOOTY?
ER...NO. OF COURSE JEAN DIDN'T MEAN THAT. I PERSONALLY THINK THAT YOU ALL PLAYED AN INTEGRAL PART IN THE HEIST - ESPECIALLY BARNEY AND HER BRILLIANTLY DIVERTING TACTICS.
BIGGEST FUCKING COCK-UP I'VE EVER HAD THE MISFORTUNE TO BE INVOLVED WITH.

OH DANNY BOY, DO YOU REALLY THINK MY TACTICS ARE DIVERTING?
JESUS...GIVE ME STRENGTH...
HEY, IS THAT ONE OF THE FUCKERS GETTING AWAY?
JEAN! NO! STOP!!
BRRRADT!!
SHIT, DUDE! WHAT'S YOUR FREAKING PROBLEM?!
DON'T SHOOT! HE'S AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE...BESIDES, HE'S ALREADY GOT A BULLET IN HIS BOLLOCK.
HUH. OKAY, BUT IF THERE'S ANY KICK-BACK FROM HIM ESCAPING, IT'LL BE YOUR DICK ON THE CHOPPING BLOCK.
C'MON, PASS ME THE CROWBAR. LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT THIS SHIPMENT OF GUNS.


MEANTIME, BACK AT GREEN ACRES...
IT'S NO GOOD - HOWEVER WASTED AND LAID BACK I TRY TO GET, I CAN'T SEEM TO SHAKE THIS UNEASINESS. I'M COMPLETELY OUT OF BALANCE AND OFF KILTER.
BOOGA HAS LANDED ME IN A RIGHT FUNK WITH ALL OF HIS PISSING AROUND.
I GOTTA GET UP AND MOVE ABOUT, IT'S LIKE I'VE GOT ONE OF THOSE UNSCRATCHABLE ITCHES.
HERE LET ME TAKE A LOOK. MY MOTHER WAS A PROFESSIONAL BACK SCRATCHER. HAD HER OWN SALON AND EVERYTHING.
AHHHH. THAT'S GOOD... THAT'S IT, THAT'S THE SPOT RIGHT THERE... FEELS LIKE THERE'S SOMETHING TRAPPED UNDER MY SKIN, IRRITATING THE FUCK OUT OF ME.
HEY... HANG ON...THERE IS SOMETHING HERE...
SCRIT SCRAT SCROT
HOLY SHIT. WHAT IS THIS?
FEELS LIKE A WIRE OR SOMETHING...
WHAT? GET IT THE FUCK OUT!
I CAN'T. IT'S UNDER THE SKIN, AND IT'S ATTACHED TO SOMETHING BIGGER. WE'LL NEED TO MAKE AN INCISION.
I DON'T FUCKING CARE. CUT ME OPEN WITH A RUSTY CHAINSAW IF YOU HAVE TO. JUST GET THE FUCKING THING OUT OF ME.


OKAY, TRY AND CALM DOWN WHILE I GO AND GET MY STANLEY KNIFE AND THE CHEAP BRANDY.
THIS IS ALL A LITTLE TOO HEADY FOR ME IN MY ELEVATED STATE. I THINK I'LL POP OFF TO THE BATHROOM AND HENNA MY HAIR FOR A WHILE.
FEELS KINDA LIGHT FOR A BOX OF STATE-OF-THE-ART WEAPONRY.
I DON'T LIKE THE SMELL OF THIS. CRACK OPEN THE CASE. LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT THE MERCHANDISE.
WHAT THE FUCK IS THIS?
PANTIES. HUNDREDS OF 'EM. GOOD QUALITY GEAR TOO. NICE AND LACY, JUST MY CUP OF TEA.
OOW. WHAT SIZES HAVE YOU GOT?
I CANNOT FUCKING BELIEVE IT. I RISKED MY LIFE...AND FOR WHAT? FRILLY FUCKING UNDERWEAR.
NOTHING LIKE THIS HAS EVER HAPPENED BEFORE. IF I WAS SUPERSTITIOUS, I'D SWEAR TO GOD THAT YOU GUYS HAVE PUT A JINX ON US.

IT WASN'T OUR FUCKING FAULT. YOU MUST BE GETTING BAD INTELLIGENCE.
LOOK...GUYS... IT'S BEEN FUN WHILE IT LASTED, ALL ELEVEN HOURS AND FIFTEEN MINUTES OF IT, BUT I REALLY THINK IT'S TIME WE PARTED COMPANY.
"MAN CANNOT LIVE BY PANTS ALONE".
SHRUG!
WHAT AN ARSEHOLE HE TURNED OUT TO BE. JUST GOES TO SHOW THAT YOU CAN'T JUDGE A BOOK BY ITS OUTSIDE THINGY.
YEAH, BUT IT'S A SHAME HIS FRIEND HAD TO GO, TOO. I RATHER LIKED HIM.
VROOM!
SO DOES THIS MEAN WE GET TO KEEP THE SHREDS?
THAT'S IT - I'VE CUT A BIG ENOUGH HOLE. NOW, I'M GONNA TRY AND REMOVE THE THING.
GAHH! GO GUCK YOURSELK!

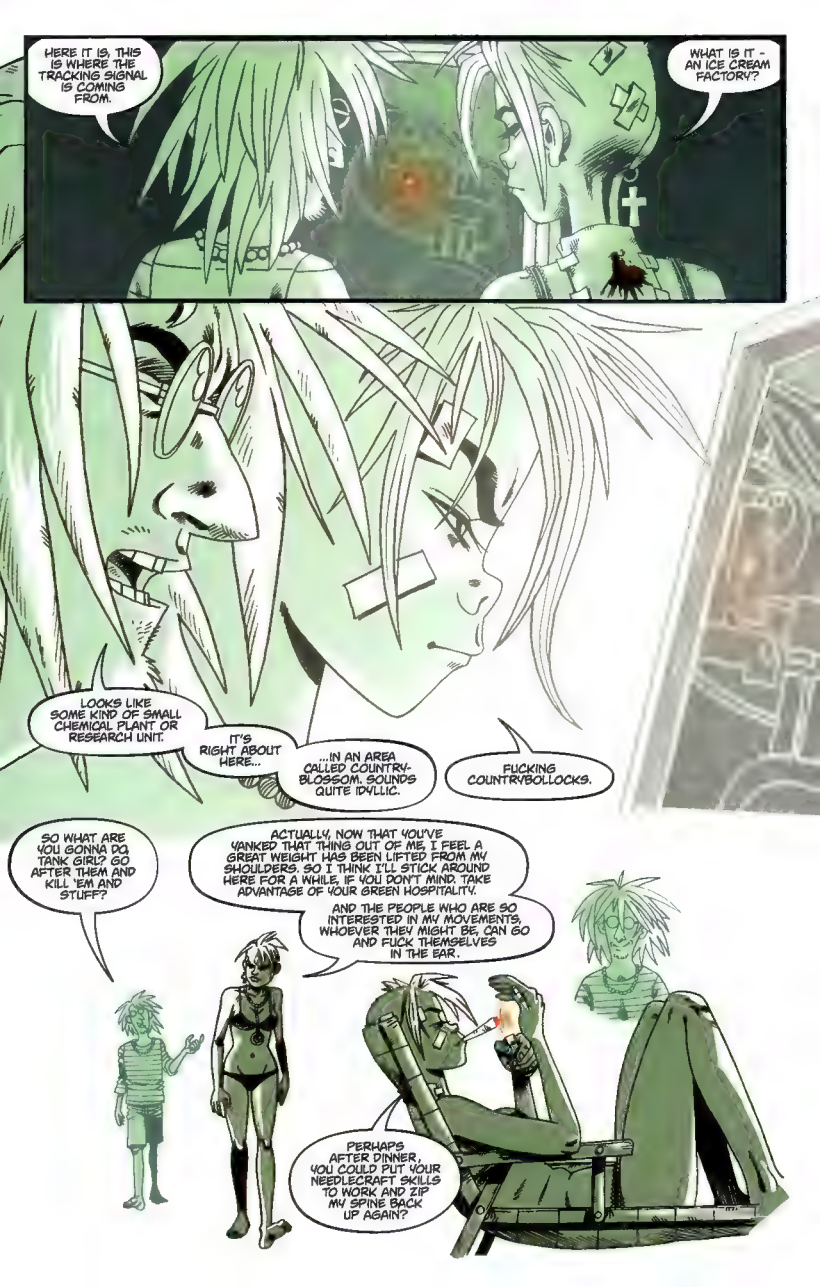
UH! HERE IT IS. LOOKS LIKE SOME KIND OF TRACKING DEVICE.
I USED TO WORK ON STUFF SIMILAR TO THIS WHEN I WAS IN THE INTELLIGENCE CORPS - BEFORE I GOT CHUCKED OUT FOR BEING SO FUCKING WASTED, MAN.
THIS SEEMS TO HAVE SOMETHING ELSE GOING ON THOUGH...THERE'S A SERVO AND SEVERAL SENSORS.
SOMEONE'S BEEN SERIOUSLY FUCKING ABOUT WITH YOU.
I DON'T GET IT... WHAT DOES IT MEAN? WHO'S BEHIND IT?
WHO? WHY? WHERE? WHEN? WHAT THE FUCK?
IT MIGHT BE QUITE SIMPLE TO FIND OUT. LET'S TAKE IT UP TO MY WORKSHOP SEE IF WE CAN REVERSE THE TRANSMITTER AND FIND THE SOURCE.
A MINISCULE MODICUM OF MICRO-MECHANICAL MODIFYING MINUTES LATER...
THERE, DONE. A PIECE OF PISS.
HOOK IT UP TO MY MAINFRAME AND WE'LL SEE IF WE CAN'T FERRET OUT THE CRANK WHO STUCK THIS THING IN YOU IN THE FIRST PLACE.

KRISPIE
ROO EARS
YUM YUM
SALT AND VINEGAR
K
BA BA
ALRIGHTY
3D

ALAN MARTIN RUFUS DAYGLO

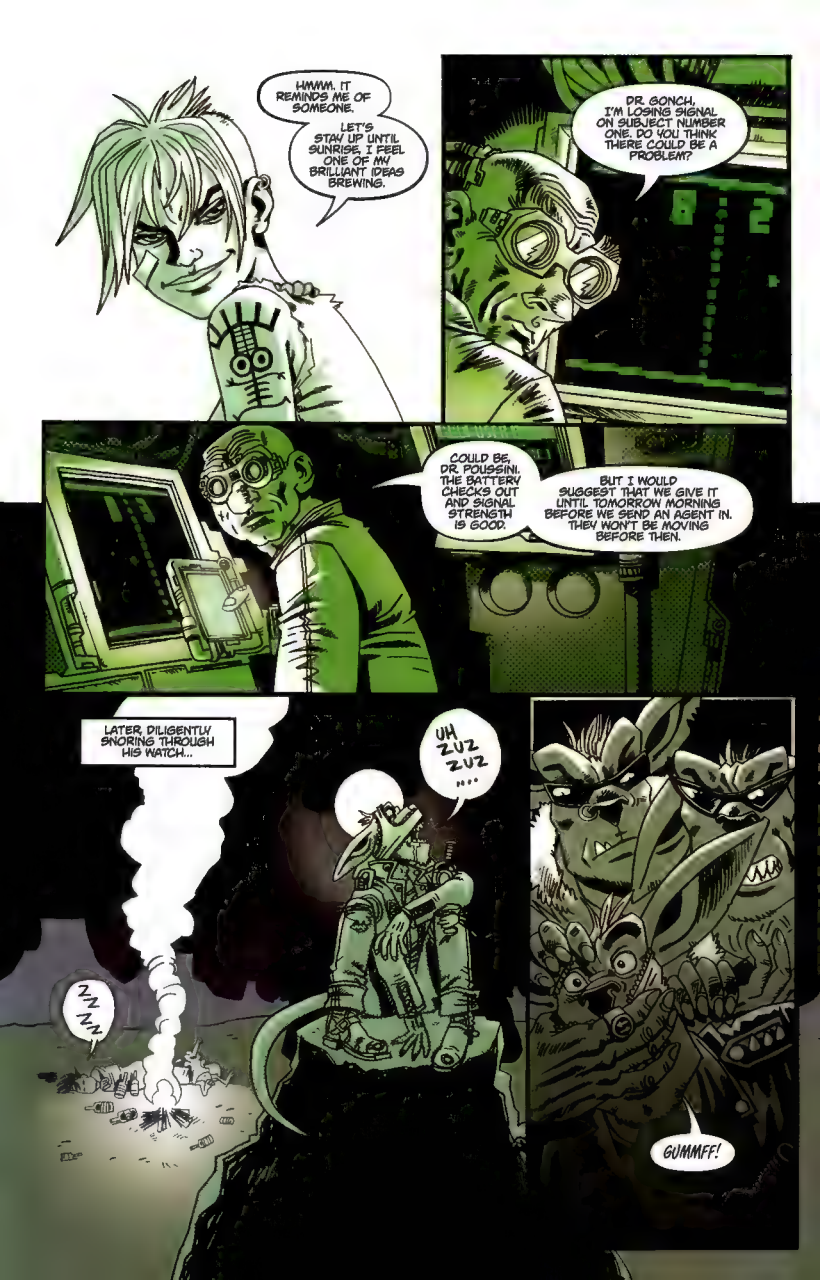
TANK GIRL

BAD WIND RISING


HERE IT IS, THIS IS WHERE THE TRACKING SIGNAL IS COMING FROM.
WHAT IS IT - AN ICE CREAM FACTORY?
LOOKS LIKE SOME KIND OF SMALL CHEMICAL PLANT OR RESEARCH UNIT.
IT'S RIGHT ABOUT HERE...
...IN AN AREA CALLED COUNTRY-BLOSSOM. SOUNDS QUITE IDYLLIC.
FUCKING COUNTRYBOLLOCKS.
SO WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO, TANK GIRL? GO AFTER THEM AND KILL 'EM AND STUFF?
ACTUALLY, NOW THAT YOU'VE YANKED THAT THING OUT OF ME, I FEEL A GREAT WEIGHT HAS BEEN LIFTED FROM MY SHOULDERS. SO I THINK I'LL STICK AROUND HERE FOR A WHILE, IF YOU DON'T MIND. TAKE ADVANTAGE OF YOUR GREEN HOSPITALITY.
AND THE PEOPLE WHO ARE SO INTERESTED IN MY MOVEMENTS, WHOEVER THEY MIGHT BE, CAN GO AND FUCK THEMSELVES IN THE EAR.
PERHAPS AFTER DINNER, YOU COULD PUT YOUR NEEDLECRAFT SKILLS TO WORK AND ZIP MY SPINE BACK UP AGAIN?

WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO NOW? WE'VE FINISHED THE BOOZE AND WE'VE ONLY GOT ENOUGH FOOD FOR BREAKFAST. WE CAN'T EAT PANTS.
LET'S SLEEP ON IT. THINGS WILL SEEM A LOT LESS ELASTICATED IN THE MORNING.
WE'D BETTER KEEP A LOOK OUT THOUGH. THOSE BASTARD KANGAROOS MIGHT COME PROWLING AROUND.
YOU TAKE FIRST WATCH. I'LL DO THE GRAVEYARD SHIFT.
THIS COULD BE THE NEW ME, Y'KNOW. I FEEL I'VE DISCOVERED A WHOLE NEW SENSE OF FREEDOM AND EXPRESSION.
MY GOD, RODNEY. WHO DID THIS TO YOU? AND WHERE THE HELL IS SELWYN?
WELL, STIFFY, YOU AIN'T GONNA BELIEVE THIS, BUT IT WAS BOOGA.
AND POOR OLD SELWYN IS NOTHING BUT MUSH.

BOOGA?! ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE SURE?
WITHOUT A DOUBT. I'D RECOGNISE HIS DIRTY ARSED SMELL ANYWHERE.
OKAY, RODNEY, GET YOUR BOLLOCK FIXED UP AND GET AFTER HIM. BRING HIM BACK HERE. I DON'T CARE ABOUT THE REST OF THE SHIT IN THE TRUCK, BUT BRING HIM HERE TO ME.
AND BE SURE TO KEEP HIM ALIVE. I WANT TO MAKE CERTAIN IT'S HIM WITH MY OWN EYES.
JET GIRL? WHAT THE FUCK HAPPENED TO YOUR HAIR?
I THINK I LEFT THE HENNA IN FOR A LITTLE TOO LONG.
BEACH PARTY
BEACH PARTY! WOOT WOOT! SHAKE THAT BUTT
WIGGLE WIGGLE

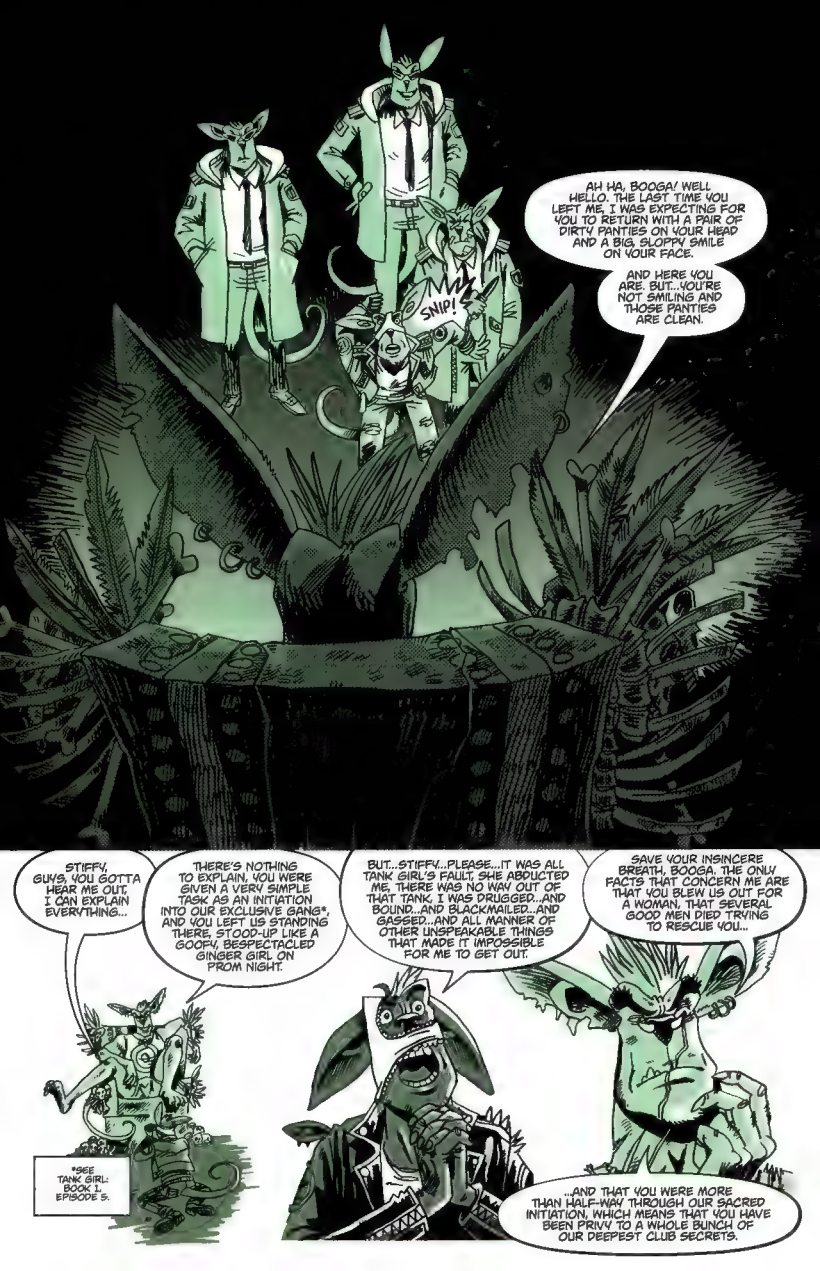

HMMM. IT REMINDS ME OF SOMEONE.
LET'S STAY UP UNTIL SUNRISE. I FEEL ONE OF MY BRILLIANT IDEAS BREWING.
DR. GONCH, I'M LOSING SIGNAL ON SUBJECT NUMBER ONE. DO YOU THINK THERE COULD BE A PROBLEM?
COULD BE, DR. POUSSINI. THE BATTERY CHECKS OUT AND SIGNAL STRENGTH IS GOOD.
BUT I WOULD SUGGEST THAT WE GIVE IT UNTIL TOMORROW MORNING BEFORE WE SEND AN AGENT IN. THEY WON'T BE MOVING BEFORE THEN.
LATER, DILIGENTLY SNORING THROUGH HIS WATCH...
UH ZUZ ZUZ ...
ZZ ZZ
GUMMFF!

RODNEY?!
GET HIM IN, BOYS, LET'S GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE.

MAYBE TOMORROW
HOTEL
WOW, THE EMPIRE HAS EXPANDED SOMEWHAT SINCE THE DAYS OF THE LITTLE OLD GANG HUT.

DO YOU GUYS OWN THIS WHOLE JOINT?
YEAH, IT'S THE PERFECT SET UP; THE FACADE IS OF A REGULAR BAR, BUT THE ROOMS AROUND THE BACK ARE FULL OF ILLEGAL CARD GAMES.

13
SOUNDS JUST LIKE MY PHILOSOPHY ON LIFE - "LIQUOR IN THE FRONT, POKER IN THE REAR".


AH HA, BOOGA! WELL HELLO. THE LAST TIME YOU LEFT ME, I WAS EXPECTING FOR YOU TO RETURN WITH A PAIR OF DIRTY PANTIES ON YOUR HEAD AND A BIG, SLOPPY SMILE ON YOUR FACE.
AND HERE YOU ARE. BUT...YOU'RE NOT SMILING AND THOSE PANTIES ARE CLEAN.
SNIP!
STIFFY, GUYS, YOU GOTTA HEAR ME OUT. I CAN EXPLAIN EVERYTHING...
THERE'S NOTHING TO EXPLAIN, YOU WERE GIVEN A VERY SIMPLE TASK AS AN INITIATION INTO OUR EXCLUSIVE GANG*, AND YOU LEFT US STANDING THERE, STOOD-UP LIKE A GOOFY, BESPECTACLED GINGER GIRL ON PROM NIGHT.
*SEE TANK GIRL: BOOK 1, EPISODE 5.
BUT...STIFFY...PLEASE...IT WAS ALL TANK GIRL'S FAULT, SHE ABDUCTED ME, THERE WAS NO WAY OUT OF THAT TANK. I WAS DRUGGED...AND BOUND...AND BLACKMAILED...AND GAGGED...AND ALL MANNER OF OTHER UNSPEAKABLE THINGS THAT MADE IT IMPOSSIBLE FOR ME TO GET OUT.
SAVE YOUR INSINCERE BREATH, BOOGA. THE ONLY FACTS THAT CONCERN ME ARE THAT YOU BLEW US OUT FOR A WOMAN, THAT SEVERAL GOOD MEN DIED TRYING TO RESCUE YOU...
...AND THAT YOU WERE MORE THAN HALF-WAY THROUGH OUR SACRED INITIATION, WHICH MEANS THAT YOU HAVE BEEN PRIVY TO A WHOLE BUNCH OF OUR DEEPEST CLUB SECRETS.

IT'S A GREAT SHAME, BOOGA, YOU HELD A LOT OF PROMISE, BUT WE CANNOT TAKE YOU BACK IN. OUR ONLY COURSE OF ACTION IS IMMEDIATE EXECUTION. WE MUST GUARD OUR SECRETS, I'M SURE YOU UNDERSTAND.
TAKE HIM AWAY, BOYS. PULL HIM TO PIECES.
WHA...? EXECUTION? HA HA! YOU'RE JUST KIDDING WITH ME, RIGHT? JUST A GOOD OL' PEMPHIGUS CLUB PRANK, YEAH?
STIFFY? GUYS? YOU WOULDN'T REALLY KILL AN OLD BUDDY WOULD YOU? YOU GOTTA GIVE ME ANOTHER CHANCE!
I'LL DO ANYTHING! I'LL CLEAN THE CLUB TOILETS! I'LL MAKE TEA...FOREVER! I'LL SEW UP RODNEY'S BALL BAG!
SCRATCHY! SCRATCH!
HMMM. MIGHT AS WELL BRING TOTAL CLOSURE TO THIS UNFINISHED BUSINESS...
RODNEY, I WANT YOU TO BRING ME TANK GIRL'S BOLLOCKS ON A SILVER PLATTER WITH A SALAD GARNISH. YOU HEAR ME?
IN STEREO SURROUND, STIFFY, FIVE POINT ONE.

DR. GONCH? ARE YOU HEARING THIS?
YES, DR. POUSSINI, IT'S NOT LOOKING GOOD FOR OUR TEAM IS IT?
TELL AGENT TWENTYTHREE TO INTERVENE AT THE APPROPRIATE MOMENT, IN NO WAY CAN ANY HARM BEFALL OUR DEAR LITTLE KANGAROO!
AH! I'VE GOT IT. YOU'VE GIVEN ME AN IDEA. HOLD IT RIGHT THERE WHILE I GET MY CLIPPERS FROM THE TANK...
TA DA! THERE, WHAT DO YOU THINK?
ERM... THIS IS YOUR HAIRSTYLE. YOU'VE GIVEN ME THE WRONG HAIRSTYLE.
BEACH PARTY
NK

NOPE. THAT'S ALL PART OF MY PLAN. NOW PUT SOME OF MY CLOTHES ON AND STUFF THIS GIZMO UP YOU JACKSY.
WHAT? WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO MAKE ME DO?
REMEMBER THAT BIG FAVOUR YOU OWE ME? WELL IT'S PAYBACK TIME. YOU'RE GOING ON A ONCE IN A LIFETIME TRIP...
...TO CUNTYBOLLOCKS.
SECRET MAP
OH. LOVELY.
ANTZ

NEXT - CAPTAIN PATTACAKE

TANK GIRL
BAD WIND RISING
COSY
RUF!
#3 ON SALE MARCH 16!